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## MANGLED NEWS.

IF I were American in my ideas, I might ask, which was the number of the *Beacon* whose leaders caused such intense political discussion throughout continental Europe? But I have not so powerful a sweep of imagination as Martin Chuzzlewit's friend, Colonel Diver; and therefore I will very modestly presume that it is not everybody who has had the good-fortune to read the well-condensed and carefully-epitomised home, foreign, and colonial news contained in that bright star of Australasia, the *Burrahurry Beacon*. The schoolmaster is said to be abroad, but it is doubtful whether in his foreign travels he has ever crossed that immense tract of pastoral land which lies between Adelaide and the town and district in question. To be truthful, the name did not exist in any other than rough Australian maps at the time I speak of; but the days are fast approaching when from the proud eminence where, looking across the mighty—But there; I won't stop upon this occasion to repeat the words of that powerful leader which told of the future greatness of the far-distant colony, and the day when *Burrahurry* must take a most important position in matters political; for my intention is to give a short and succinct account of the rise of that glorious institution, the—well, it was meant for it, though only a substitute—the Press, in the town in question.

Those people who visited the 'Glass Palace' of '51 probably saw some malachite specimens of doors, vases, and clocks, contributed by the emperor of Russia. These were for the most part Uralian, I believe, and will give some slight idea of the majestic ore which 'crops out,' to use the language of the *Mining Journal*, all through the *Burrahurry* district; and it is the placing of this valuable carbonate in the market that forms the principal occupation of the *Burrahurrians*, one of whom I happened to be at the time of which I write.

'Taint in, Dick,' said Fred. Arden, giving the Adelaide paper a scrunch up, and casting it into a corner of the room.

'Didn't expect that it would be,' said Dick, *alias*

Richard Roberts, Esq., who was smoking a very large, strong, and highly-dried cheroot, whose rank flavour soon threw into the shade the milder incense of our government Manillas. 'Didn't expect it would be; and here we are, a most important town, in a most important district, teeming with events, and not merely without a paper, but compelled to depend upon that wretched rag. Why, if you and Arden here made no profit out of the transaction, the influence and position a paper would give you would repay you for all the money you laid down.'

'But allowing that the whole account of the races was too long, they might have put in a short notice,' said Arden sulkily.

'Oh, it's just like them,' said Dick; 'they care for nothing but their own district, and wouldn't give a dump for outside news.'

That very night, the question was well ventilated; and the conversation ended with a determination that the standard of political freedom should be planted in *Burrahurry*, which was henceforth—that is, after a lapse of some six months—to have a paper. Dick Roberts knew all about papers, and took upon himself the ordering of everything from England. The working-part we were to do ourselves, with the assistance of boys; and, as a matter of course, the *Beacon* was only to be a small beacon at first, but one whose light should grow brighter and stronger as time went on.

In due time came advices that the type and materials had been despatched; but from pressure of business the press could not be sent off till the next vessel sailed.

Dick said something which is not often put into print; but that did no good; so we patiently waited the arrival of the vessel; had the packing-cases bullock-trucked up the country when the vessel did come, and was unladen; and at last, after no end of difficulties and breakings-down, began to unpack in the room we had set apart for an office. That was a treat, that was, the unpacking of the cases; and we two ignorant ones had to be enlightened as to the names and uses of everything that was brought to light.

I believe that Dick must have worked in an

office at some time or other, for he was pretty expert, and knew the purpose of everything; so that our little establishment was soon pretty well arranged, and, as we then considered, only needed the press to make it complete. Machines were scarce articles in those days, and not known in the colonies. So we took lessons; learned the case and to read the type, and worked hard as compositors, all the while patiently waiting for the coming of the press.

Talk of the troubles of Caxton, Gutenberg, Faust, and the rest of the early printers! they were nothing to ours. If they wanted anything, they made it themselves, and therefore knew the purpose for which it was intended; but directly Dick was away, we of the staff were as helpless as a pair of babies. Then, too, the early printers used type of a size that could be handled, not the wretchedly attenuated stuff that we had taken upon ourselves to set in order. Every piece seemed to be possessed by that gentleman who is said to have had so much to do with printing, and as fast as we stuck a letter up, down it went again, until, for my part, I have felt so enraged that I could have banged my case, type and all, about my companion's head. However, I did not; but still kept on most patiently, and still the press did not come.

'How they do keep asking when the first number will be ready!' said Dick, 'and I don't know what to tell them. You see it's no use to get any news up till we know when it's coming.'

'What sort of a thing is it?' said Fred. 'Can't we do without it?'

'Do without it!' said Dick. 'Can you chop wood without an axe?'

'Well, but I thought we might perhaps make one,' said Fred.

'Pooh!' said Dick.

But the press did not come, and we were nearly driven mad with the jokes cut at our expense. One day, however, Dick came rushing into the office with joy on every feature. 'Hooray, my lads!' he exclaimed; 'I've got it!'

'Bravo!' we chorused, almost expecting to see him bring it out of his pocket.

'Well, where is it?' said Fred.

'Where's what?' said Dick.

'Why, the press!' we both exclaimed.

'Ah! goodness knows!' said Dick.

'Why, what do you mean by humbugging us like that?' said I in a pet. 'I thought the press had come.'

'Ah, no,' said Dick; 'but I've hit the nail upon the head.'

'Why, what do you mean?' said Arden.

'A mangle, my boys!' said Dick excitedly.

'Well, what about it?'

'Why, for the paper,' said Dick.

'What! Do the sheets want mangling?' said I.

'To be sure,' said Dick seriously; 'and then we shall want blankets and stays, and we can easily make a bed.'

'Why, you're drunk,' said Fred.

'Or mad,' said I.

'Let's see,' said Dick, not taking the slightest notice of us: 'we must have a stone bed, and cover the rollers with the blankets. I've got it, my lads, to a T! We'll have the first number out by next Saturday, or my name's not Dick Roberts.'

'Well, but how if the press don't come?' said I.

'Why, don't I tell you? I've bought the mangle; gave ten pounds for it. It wouldn't be worth two at home, but it's worth twenty to us, my lads.'

'Well, but what have you bought the mangle for?' said Arden, by this time, like myself, quite out of patience.

'Why, to print with, of course! I've had my eye on it for a week and more. Now, lend a hand here, and clear away, for the fellows are bringing it on a bullock-truck, and they'll be here directly.'

A space was cleared in the centre of the office; and in an hour's time, the mangle was installed in its place, and a man busy at work removing the wood-work bottom to replace it with one of stone; while Dick was contriving a flannel covering for each of the three wooden rollers.

'There!' he said, that same night, 'we shall do it, my lads, yet. That thing will work first-rate, and keep us going in style till the press comes.'

For my part, I did not feel so sanguine, but played, or rather worked, at follow-my-leader most vigorously—wrote a powerful leader, and an article on town and local matters; while Dick reported an inquest at very great length, and also a fire that might have turned out very seriously, but which did not, being confined to the chimney, where it originated, in consequence of a sudden upset of fat. Then we had some home-news—that is to say, British home-news; a great deal of matter from the Sydney and Adelaide papers; and altogether, made a very respectable collection of stuff, which, under Dick's superintendence, was all got ready and corrected. I must not omit to state, too, that we had no less than ten advertisements, which Dick declared to be a most excellent start.

At last, after a tremendous amount of worry and night-work, the type of number one of the *Burra-hurry Beacon*, price sixpence, was ready. It was stated to be 'a Family Newspaper of Domestic, Foreign, and Colonial News; conducted by Richard Roberts, Esq., B.A.' The forms for the first side were ready for mangling, the stone bed was there, the blankets were round the rollers, and the sheets of paper lying upon one side in a heap, when, to our intense astonishment, Dick suddenly hit himself a tremendous crack on the side of the head with his open hand, and sat down upon a stool the very image of despair.

'What's the matter?' I exclaimed.

'Ah!' groaned Dick. 'There; it's no use, we're doomed! We shall never do it!'

'But why?' we chorused.

'No ink!' said Dick. 'I quite forgot to order any.'

'Well,' said Arden, 'there's plenty of that to be got in the town, surely.'

'Ah! the ignorance,' groaned Dick. 'What we want is printer's ink. That ink's no good.'

'Then what's printer's ink?' said I.

'Ah! thick stuff made of lampblack and varnish, and stuff,' groaned Dick.

'Well, then, let's make some,' said I.

'Eh?' said Dick.

'Let's make some,' I repeated.

'How?' said he despairingly.

'Why, if it's made of lampblack and varnish, surely we can mix them together,' said I.

Drowning men catch at straws; and in a very short time we were grinding away at the ill-savouring compound.

'What time will the paper be out, sir?' said a voice at the door.

'Hour's time,' shouted Dick—grinding away as if for his life.

'What a fib!' said Arden, lighting a Manilla, and looking on.—'But, I say, what's in that tub in the corner?'

'What tub?' said Dick, not looking up from his work.

'Why, the one under the packing-cases in the corner,' said Fred.

'Where?' said I, with a hope rising in my breast.

'Why, here!' said Fred., dragging forward the small keg from under the packing-cases, which stood piled up on one side.

'Hooray!' shouted Dick; 'saved we are; for I know that stuff would not have done. Give me the mallet and screw-driver.' And in a moment after, Dick was hammering away at the top hoops, which he soon had loosened, and the head out, disclosing a mass that looked like pitch. 'Now for the ink, stone, and roller!' shouted Dick.

These being brought forward, I was soon placed, roller in hand, ready to ink the type, now reposing on the bed of the mangle; Dick undertaking to lay on the sheets of paper; and Fred. having the truly onerous post of grinder—the man at the wheel.

'Now, then; not too much ink,' was Dick's order to me.—'Steady at the handle, there, Fred. Now, then; are you ready?'

'All right,' was the response. The ink was distributed according to directions; the sheet of white paper laid on; the handle began to turn, the mangle to groan; and number one of the *Burrahurricane Beacon* was taken off at the other end—most thoroughly mangled.

'Never mind,' said Dick, taking up the tattered sheet. 'Better luck next time. The paper was too wet.'

So at it we went again; sometimes with what Dick had called 'better luck,' sometimes with worse; and allowing for forty per cent. of sheets of paper spoiled, we got on very well, and succeeded at last in very badly printing two hundred and fifty copies of the *Beacon* on both sides; but I'm afraid to say how long it took. I know very well, however, that our candles had burned down in the sockets several times over; and we went and partook of breakfast afterwards, at a very reasonable time—looking a set of the blackest objects imaginable. But then, there was number one of the paper out; published, so to speak, right away in the wilderness; and as Dick said—without giving us much praise, certainly—'without any staff.'

'What were we, then?' said Fred. and I, rather

reproachfully. 'Weren't we a staff? Didn't we support you?'

'Ah! yes, pretty well,' said the ungrateful wretch; 'but you were only a pair of crutches.'

There were faults enough in our paper, in all conscience, but that was not surprising; and the *Burrahurricanes* did not notice them, but had an illumination in our honour in the place, which consumed an unheard-of quantity of candles. Besides, there was a dinner given in Dick's honour, to which we crutches, however, were invited, and had to respond to toasts of the most complimentary character.

For three more weeks we mangled our paper, after which time we were enabled to sing 'Hail, Columbia,' for our eagle-crowned Columbian, press arrived off the wharf, was discharged, and brought up to the office in triumph, there being plenty of people ready and willing to furnish the requisite transit for the five days' journey; and then we turned off the sheets in triumph, and in a style that made us blush for the earlier copies.

Since those days, the *Beacon* has shone out brighter and brighter; and friend Dick sent me word at different times of the necessity for, and at last of the arrival of a machine to print I don't know how many copies per hour; while the last communication I had from him since my return to the home country, told me that the number which accompanied my letter had been printed by steam; and the word 'steam' was written in characters at least an inch high. In my response, the remark may have seemed slangy, but I could not refrain from asking him whether he had sold his mangle.

## FOREST LAWS.

A TEMPERATE climate, at most seasons conducive to outdoor amusements, the natural features of the country, and the manliness of its inhabitants, have caused the pleasures of the chase ever to be regarded with favour in England. Even in the time of Caesar, the aborigines, not content with hunting wild beasts for the sake of their skins and flesh, or because they were dangerous neighbours, reared hares, hens, and geese (whose flesh it was unlawful to eat) for the sport which pursuing them afforded. The insular position of England also tended to increase the appetite of its inhabitants for hunting, by enabling them, at an earlier period than in other countries, to rid the forests of those noxious animals whose presence was undesirable near human habitations. It also prevented them from taking such an interest, or active part, in the wars of their neighbours, as, if differently situated, they might have done; and thus, when there was peace throughout the length and breadth of the land, the chase was their principal opportunity of manly display.

It is probable that, so long as England was sparsely inhabited, and the amount of land under cultivation was proportionately small, hunting, as being almost the only means of obtaining food and raiment, was a right common to all. It was only when the reclamation of land, consequent upon an increasing population, while affording other sources from which the necessities of life could be supplied, threatened to lessen the enjoyments of those

who, by reason of their superior position, had much spare time on their hands, that laws were passed for the purpose of reserving to a favoured class an exclusive right to kill or pursue certain animals.

It is a common error to suppose that such laws first made their appearance in feudal codes. Their germ may be traced in the civil law, which, while it allowed any one to hunt on land belonging absolutely to himself, or claimed by nobody, prohibited the tenants of the imperial domains from hunting there certain animals, which were reserved for the emperor's exclusive sport. There were certainly Forest Laws in England before the Conquest. The earliest extant of these are contained in the Forest Code of Canute.

This Code directed the appointment of four *Pægeneds*, who were clothed with regal power. Each possessed the exclusive administration of Forest Law in his own province. Under each of these were four *Lespegens*, or, as the Danes called them, *Joongmen*, who were to take care of the royal vert (whatever vegetable produce may serve as shelter to beasts of the chase) and venison (beasts of the chase). These were not to take any part in the administration of justice, and were to be regarded as in the same rank as ealdormen. And under each of these were two *Tinemen* (who, if previously slaves, by their appointment became free), to watch the forest at night, and perform other menial duties. The Code also provided for the yearly emoluments of these officers. The *Pægened* was to receive two hundred silver shillings, two horses, a saddle, a sword, five lances, a javelin, and a shield; the *Lespegend*, sixty silver shillings, a horse, a lance, and a shield; and the *Tineman*, fifteen silver shillings, a lance, and a cross-bow. These officers possessed great privileges. They paid no taxes, and could only be sued in the courts of the Forest; indeed, a man going to law with a *Pægened* forfeited to the king the amount at which his life was valued; and to the *Pægened*, forty shillings. The Code also protected their persons. Assaulting a *Pægened* by a freeman involved the loss of his freedom and all that he had; if by a villain, the cutting off of the right hand; and if by any one who had been previously convicted of the same offence, the loss of life. The *Lespegend's* person was almost as sacred. Breaking the peace in his presence was punished by a fine of ten shillings; and striking one in anger was as great an offence as killing a royal beast.

This naturally leads us to a consideration of the punishments inflicted by this Code for infringing the royal rights in matters of vert and venison. An offence in vert was but small, yet still, as being a breach of the king's chase, was punishable; though the punishment is not particularised, except for cutting down any tree whose fruit was eaten by the deer, when a fine of ten shillings was imposed. Pursuing a beast of the Forest so as to make him pant, whether done wilfully or accidentally, was punishable, in the case of a gentleman, by a fine of ten shillings; of a freeman, twenty shillings; but if it were a slave, then *careat corio*—let him lose his skin. If the animal was killed, the fine was doubled; and to this was superadded the murder-value of the offender. Hunting a stag, subjected a gentleman to the loss of liberty for one year; a freeman, for two years; and put a slave outside the pale of the law. Killing a stag was punished with loss of liberty, if by a freeman; of life, if by a slave. Bishops, abbots, and barons might hunt all animals

but stags in any forest; and every freeholder might take his venery in his own ground. The Code also contains provisions with regard to dogs. No humble individual was allowed to keep greyhounds. A gentleman might keep them if their knees had been cut in the presence of a *Pægened*, or if he lived ten miles from a Royal Forest. In the latter case, however, he could be fined twelve pence for every mile that they were seen nearer to the Forest, and ten shillings if they were found within it. Other dogs were allowed to be kept; but even they might get their owner into trouble. If they went mad, and, owing to his negligence, were found wandering about in the Forest, he was finable the value of a mean man, which was ten pounds; and if it bit a wild beast in the Forest, the penalty was the value of a gentleman, which was twelve times a hundred shillings. But if the bitten animal were a Royal Beast, the owner of the mad dog was *reus maximi criminis*—guilty of a very great crime.

Such were the provisions of the Code of Canute, which prevailed in their entirety till the Norman Conquest.

The introduction of the feudal system into England, and the inordinate passion of the Norman monarchs for hunting, increased the severities of the Forest Laws. The fundamental maxim of the feudal system was, that 'the king was the universal lord and original proprietor of all the lands in his kingdom.' By virtue of this, he could claim the right of making a forest, or of hunting, wherever he pleased, and of prohibiting all but himself or his nominees from indulging in the pleasures of the chase. The great power possessed by William the Conqueror and his immediate successors enabled them to make the most of this maxim, which, so far as England was concerned, was a mere fiction of law. He who loved the tall deer as if he had been their father, not content with the fifty-nine forests, besides parks and chases, in the royal domains, afforested large tracts of his own arable land, and appropriated much of his subjects' for the same purpose. The system of afforestation and appropriation was carried on with such success by succeeding monarchs, that John, on ascending the throne, found himself possessed of an exclusive right of hunting in sixty-eight forests. The miseries caused by such proceedings, if we may judge from one instance, must have been very great. The enlargement of the ancient Forest of *Ytene* into the *Gigensweald*, or New Forest, involved the depopulation of seventeen thousand acres, and the destruction of twenty-two churches and villages, besides chapels and manors, for thirty miles together between the palace of Winchester and the sea. The Saxon Chroniclers notice with a stern pleasure that it was while hunting in the New Forest that two of the Conqueror's sons, Richard and Rufus, and his nephew William, lost their lives, and that blindness or some other calamity would befall any one who hunted there on the anniversary of William's birthday. But there are others who regard the depopulation of Hampshire as a measure dictated rather by state policy than by his love of the chase, and allege that the king, fearing he might be driven off the throne, wished to have in that part of the island a place suitable, if necessary, for a reinvasion of England, where there should be no inhabitants to resist his landing. No recompense was given to owners for any losses sustained by the appropriation of their land.



And this was not the only grievance to which they, or those who had the misfortune to dwell near a Royal Forest, were subjected. Forest Laws, more severe than those contained in the Code of Canute, were introduced into the district, under cover of which most grievous penalties were exacted for very slight offences. The freeholder could no longer hunt on his own property unless he had obtained the king's licence, which was rarely granted. If a man did hunt without a licence, it depended upon his rank whether the punishment should be corporeal, or the seizure and retention of all his property till he paid an amercement not fixed or proportionate to the offence, but estimated according to the will and pleasure of an arbitrary prince. Where the offender could not pay in purse, he had to pay in person.

Killing any beast of the forest (which term was now held to include boar, buck, doe, fox, hare, hart, hind, marten, roe, and wolf), rendered the delinquent liable to abacination—blinding by means of red-hot irons held before the eyes—and other mutilations, or even death. Enclosing, ploughing, or putting any beast to pasture on any part of the king's forests, was punished with the forfeiture of all the offender's property, or, if the king were inclined to be merciful, with a very heavy fine.

Under the Norman régime, the officers of the Forest were Verderors, Regarders, and Foresters (besides others), corresponding respectively to the Pagenedes, Lespegeades, and Tinemen of Canute's Code. These, taking advantage of their position, were in the habit of demanding scotale, and of making other exactions. Scotale (free ale), or Fillenale (an ale-feast), was originally a forced contribution of meat and drink for themselves; but it was in time extended to a claim for victuals for themselves, their servants, horses, and dogs.

The courts of Justice-seat, Swainmote, Attachments, and Regard (of which more hereafter), were appointed for the administration of justice in the Forests. Besides these, extraordinary commissions were occasionally issued to men of high rank, when the king wished new regulations on this subject to be proclaimed. Thus, in the tenth year of Richard I., Hugh Neville, Hugh Waley, and Heru-isius Neville, were commanded to call before them archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, knights, and freeholders, with the reeve and four of the substantial inhabitants of every town and village, to hear and take knowledge of certain royal commandments touching the ordinances of the Forests.

Various attempts were made, but without success, to procure from the Conqueror some modifications of the Forest Laws. For, as the Saxon Chronicle says, though his great men bewailed this law, and the poor men murmured thereat, William was so obdurate that he recked not of the hatred of them all; but they must wholly follow in his will, if they would live, or have land or property, or even his grace. The same success attended the attempts made in the reign of Rufus. Henry I. granted a charter in which he promised, amongst other things, to observe the Forest Laws of Edward the Confessor. This charter was more or less observed by Stephen and Henry II. The latter divided the Royal Forest into districts, and appointed for each four judges, two bishops, two knights, and two general warders to survey it, and see that nothing was done contrary to the law. In

the reign of Richard I., all the ancient rigours of the Forest Law were revived. At last, however, in John's reign, the barons banded themselves together, and at Runnymede (the field of counsel), wrung from that monarch his assent to the various provisions of Magna Charta. This Charter was renewed in the first year of Henry III., and on that occasion, the articles relating to the Forest were thrown into a separate act, called the Charter of the Forest.

This statute directed every district afforested by Henry II. or his successors to be viewed by good and lawful men, and all forests, except those which they declared to have been made on crown property, to be disafforested, and the owners to be reinstated in their ancient rights. No man was thenceforth to lose either life or member for hunting the king's deer. Taking venison illegally was to be punished with a heavy fine; or if it could not be paid, with imprisonment for a year and a day; after which the offender must abjure the realm, unless he could find pledges for his good-conduct. An offender might be attached by his goods, or by his person if he were taken in the act or mainour. There were four kinds of mainour: Stablestand, when the party was caught standing with a bow, gun, or leash of greyhounds, ready to kill or course; Dogdraw, coursing a stricken deer; Backbear, carrying away a deer he had killed; and Bloodyhand, when there were the marks of his offence on his person. The fine for keeping a dog from which the three claws of the fore-feet had not been cut off, was three shillings. The officers of the Forest, and their duties, under this Charter, were—the justice in eyre, to act as supreme judge; the chief warden, to bail and discharge offenders; the regardar, to view the Forest, and certify trespasses committed there; the ranger, to look after the venison; the verderor, to look after the vert; the forester, to look more immediately after both vert and venison, and to present the offences at the Forest courts; the agister, to look after cattle grazing there; and the beadle, to make proclamations and act as process-server. They were forbidden to take any thing for lawing dogs, to levy Scotale, or to make any gatherings but on the view and testimony of twelve rangers. No forester was to take chiminage (chemin) or toll for passing through the Forest, unless he was a forester in fee, paying a rent for his bailiwick. In that case, he might demand one penny for a cart, and a half-penny for a pack-horse, every half-year, from those who had a licence to buy and sell bushes, timber, bark, or coal. Those who carried these articles on their backs, were to pay no toll except within the king's domains.

This statute also makes some provisions regarding the Courts of the Forest. These, as before mentioned, were the Courts of Regards, Attachments, Swainmote, and Justice-seat. The Court of Regards was held once every three years, for the purpose of lawing or expediting mastiffs, which, as being necessary for the defence of a man's house, were the only dogs allowed to be kept within the Forest. From an old black-letter treatise, we learn that the operation was thus performed: 'The mastiff being brought to set one of his fore-feet upon a piece of wood, eight inches thick, and a foot square, then one with a mallet, setting a chisel of two inches broad upon the three claws of his fore-feet, at one blow doth smite them clean off.' The Court of Attachments, or Woodmote, was held every forty days before the verderors. It inquired into

all attachments or presentments of vert and venison. Offenders taken in the mainour were brought before this court in person, or if not caught in the act, were attached by their goods. The verderors, after receiving and enrolling the attachments, certified them under their seal to the superior courts of Justice-seat or Swainmote, as the Woodmote could only inquire and not convict. Swainmotes were held three times a year, before the steward and verderors, the freeholders of the Forest acting as a jury. It could convict, but not give judgment, in all cases certified from the Woodmote, or where complaints were made of the conduct of the Forest officers. Justice-seat was the principal court. It was held every three years, and after forty days' notice, before the chief-justice in eyre ('who was commonly a man of greater dignity than knowledge in the law of the Forest'), and his deputy. It had cognizance of all pleas connected with the Forest, could try presentments made in the inferior courts, and give judgment on convictions of the Swainmote. The chief-justice, after a presentment was made, or an indictment found, might issue a warrant for the capture of offenders. As a court of record, it could fine and imprison, and, for the same reason, an appeal lay from its decisions to the Queen's Bench. Liberties, privileges, pardons, and other free customs were pleaded before it either in person or by attorney, to avoid seizure of the same into the hands of the king for a non-claim. All the inhabitants of the Forest who were more than twelve years old took the following oath in this court:

You shall true liegeman be unto the King's Majestie:  
You shall no hurt do unto the Beasts of the Forest,  
Nor unto any thing that doth belong thereto.  
The offences of others you shall not conceal,  
But to the uttermost of your power you shall them reveal

Unto the officers of the Forest,  
Or to them that shall see the same redrest.  
All these things you shall see done.  
So help you God at a' holy doom.

The Forest Charter was, along with Magna Charta, again confirmed when Henry III., being then seventeen, was declared of age by a papal bull. Notwithstanding this, as soon as he attained his majority, he annulled both, on the ground that he had granted them when under the control of others. But nine years after this, being in want of a supply, a subsidy of one-fifteenth on all moyables, induced him to accede to the wishes of the nation, by confirming both the charters in Westminster Hall. The ceremony was of an impressive nature. The bishops, clad in their sacred robes, with tapers in their hands, excommunicated all who should make statutes contrary to the charters, or should observe such when made, or pass any judgment against them. Then throwing down the tapers, and while these were smoking, they concluded with the curse: 'So may all that incur this sentence be extinguished and stink in hell.' Then the king said: 'So help me God, I will keep all these things inviolate, as I am a man, as I am a Christian, as I am a king.' The excommunication did not, however, prevent future parliaments seizing every opportunity of royal weakness, or of a royal desire for popularity, to get renewed confirmations of the charters; so that there are in all no less than thirty-eight ratifications of them to be found in the statute book.

The rigour of the Forest Law was doubtless

much lessened by this charter, but there were still many grievances to complain of. The mere existence of a law which, in the opinion even of the subservient legal writers of that time, could not be called 'absolute justice or right,' still afforded many opportunities for tyrannical conduct on the part of the king or his ministers. The fines were to a great extent uncertain, and estimated by the royal officers. In the Rolls of Parliament there are many petitions complaining that the officers of the Forest behave illegally, that the owners have been wrongfully deprived of their rights over purlieus (lands disafforested by virtue of the Forest Charter), or that perambulations are irregularly made. A common royal answer to the prayers of these petitions is: '*Le chre*' [chartre] et les autres restatutz de la Forest y soient tenuz et fermement gardez en touz lours pointz.'

In the eighteenth year of *le plus sage roy que unques fuit* (as Sir Matthew Hale styles Edward I.), John de Claret petitioned in vain for the remission of a fine of one hundred pounds for taking a stag and two others in a Royal Forest.

The statutes connected with Forest Law, passed in subsequent reigns, are either for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of those dwelling in or near a Royal Forest, or of the nature of modern game-laws. Thus it was declared that a chief warden was liable to imprisonment, a fine to the king, and treble damages to any party whom he unlawfully refused to bail, and that juries were to give their verdict where they received their charge, and according to their conscience. To the latter class belongs a statute passed in the reign of Richard II. Its preamble states, that it was the practice for 'divers artificers, labourers, servants, and grooms, to keep greyhounds and other dogs, and on the holidays when good Christian people be at church hearing divine service, they go hunting in parks, warrens, and connigries, of lords and others, to the very great destruction of the same; and sometimes under such colour, they make their assemblies and conferences, and conspiracies to rise and disobey their allegiance.' The punishment by this statute for such persons so doing was one year's imprisonment. This is the first of a long series of acts rendering unqualified persons liable to imprisonment or fines for keeping dogs, nets, guns, or a mark or marks of swans, or for hunting or killing game. There are also statutes making it unlawful for all persons whatsoever to kill hares when there is snow on the ground; or to have a gun with a stock longer or shorter than a yard, or a hagbut or demihake (pistol) shorter than nine inches; or for any under the degree of a lord to 'shoot in any hand-gun with hail shot or more pellets than one;' or for any to kill pheasants or partridges at night; or for a man to hawk or hunt in another's standing corn, unless he be a 'lowbeller or trameller, and shall presently let them go.'

The last king who seriously attempted to increase his revenue by imposing fines for breaches of the Forest Law, was Charles I. To provide money at a time when parliament refused to vote him supplies, he appointed the Earl of Holland chief justice in eyre, and courts of Justice-seat were held every year, at which alleged infringements of the royal rights were examined into. As no prescription could be pleaded against the king, and the juries were packed, many private individuals suffered severely. 'The Royal Forests in Essex,' to quote

from Hallam's *Constitutional History*, 'were so enlarged, that they were hyperbolically said to include the whole county. The Earl of Southampton was nearly ruined by a decision that stripped him of his estate near the New Forest. The boundaries of Rockingham Forest were increased from six miles to sixty; and enormous fines imposed on the trespassers; Lord Salisbury being amerced in £20,000, Lord Westmoreland in £19,000, Sir Christopher Hatton in £12,000. It is probable that much of these was remitted.' This raid resulted in the passing of a statute declaring that the bounds of every forest were to be as they were reputed in the twentieth year of the preceding reign; no courts were to be held where there had not been any for the last sixty years; the bounds of the Royal Forests were to be ascertained and fixed by commissioners; the grounds disafforested by patent or otherwise since the twentieth year of James, were to remain so; and the owners thereof were to retain all forestal rights which they had formerly enjoyed.

In the reign of Charles II., the last Court of Justice-seat was held before the Earl of Oxford, and principally to gratify that nobleman, as the crown was put to great expense in the payment of salaries and awards, and the profits redounded to the Justice in eyre. 'And it is not to be wondered at,' says a biographer of that date, 'that this economy of the Forests is laid aside, for the subject-matter is unpopular, and the officers are, on the one hand, corrupt, and yield to all abuses, and, on the other side, oppress and extract money of all they can; and, as if that were the end of their institution, mind little else.'

Soon after that, parliament abolished the offices of chief-justice in eyre and of wardens in the Royal Forests, and substituted the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. But though the Forest Laws and all their black-letter learning are now among the things that were, it is perhaps not inappropriate to close this article with advice offered when they were still in force: 'If any man chance to be bid to his friend's house to eat his part of fat venison, let him remember this old verse:

It is not to be inquired whence venison cometh,  
For if by chance it stolen be,  
A good belief sufficeth thee.'

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF BEAU BRUMMEL.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE Beau's personal appearance, independently of his dress, which was the perfection of neatness, was considerably in his favour; he was about six feet in height, wide across the chest, and well proportioned; his complexion rather florid, and the small gray, restless, scrutinising eyes which illumined his countenance, gave evidence of that continuous mental activity which so much distinguished him. No peculiarity of dress, or manner of either male or female, who came immediately within his view, escaped him; and the vigour and piquancy of his remarks were considerably enhanced by the peculiar significance of the look which accompanied them. His nose had decidedly the appearance of a 'pug;' but when some allusion to this prominent feature was on one occasion hazarded

by a lady in my presence, he responded: 'I can assure you, madame, when I entered the Tenth Hussars, I had a most beautiful Roman nose; but unfortunately, when riding down the Steyn at Brighton, I was thrown from my horse; and the edge of my helmet or shako coming into direct collision with the bridge of that feature, partially broke it; hence the slight turn-up which you now perceive.' As Captain Gronow, in his *Reminiscences*, records this accident as having actually occurred, it is possible the Beau's statement may be true; but to all appearance, as far as I could judge from frequent close observation, the 'turn-up' of this prominent feature seemed rather natural than accidental.

His dress, which was invariably neat, was for years precisely of the same description—a long frock-coat, between a Wellington and an overcoat, colour brown, with velvet collar and silk lining; trousers dark-coloured, cut out in front to fit over the instep, and with straps under the boots, which were always well polished. He was very particular on this last point; indeed, it is recorded of him that, in the days of his great popularity, he was so tenacious as to the polish, that he always travelled with his own blacking, so that, on being solicited to prolong his visit in some great mansion in the country, he replied: 'I must first consult Bruno as to my stock of blacking, before I can give you an answer.' Peculiarities of this character were not only tolerated in the Beau, but received as excellent jokes—a circumstance which affords no inconsiderable argument in favour of that ability to conciliate, please, and amuse, which he so eminently possessed.

His neckcloth was of white cambric, of large dimensions, wound twice round his neck, brought down capacious in front, and fastened by a small gold pin. This peculiar tie was designated in those days as the 'waterfall-tie.' The neckcloth itself was a large square piece of cambric, out of which twenty or more ties for the dandies of the present day might easily be made. I now arrive at the most important, and certainly the most conspicuous part of the Beau's dress, and one on the selection of which he bestowed much thought and consideration—his waistcoat. This was generally very striking, being of velvet, of some conspicuous colour, and covered with flowers, worked either in silk, silver, or gold; indeed, this was the only showy part of the Beau's attire. His hat was of the fashion of former days, large, wider at the top than at the bottom, with a large upturned rim; under it was a well-arranged wig, of a brown colour, slightly approaching to red, to keep his whiskers in countenance. His teeth were small, his chin rather prominent. When out walking, he always carried a very neat cane with a gold or silver head. His indoor dress in the morning was rather conspicuous, the dressing-gown being of thick silk covered with handsomely-worked flowers, with slippers to correspond; and as the wig was not on duty till he had completed his toilet for his daily walk, a handsome velvet cap, with a gold tassel at its top, occupied its place, so that the Beau, in his morning's costume, had somewhat the appearance of a magician or astrologer. His mornings were employed in reading newspapers and French novels, and in mixing his snuff, which he kept in jars in his cellar; his favourite mixture was Martinique and Bolingero. The operation of blending his snuffs I have often seen him perform on a

large piece of parchment with an ivory spoon. Although he had a great variety of handsome and valuable snuff-boxes, the one which he habitually carried was a large ordinary one of 'papier-mâché.'

The sitting-room in which he passed many years of his life at Leleux's, the librarian in the Rue Royale, Calais, was remarkably well arranged, the type of his former room in London, although on a smaller scale. Although there were no paintings of much value, there were several small handsome book and other cases of Japan and marqueterie, on the tops of which were placed various curious specimens of china and snuff-boxes, all of which eventually disappeared to meet some pressing emergency. I never could learn precisely what became of them, but I rather fancy they encountered the usual fate which objects of this character meet with when they fall within the remorseless grasp of some cormorant of a creditor, who depreciates before he seizes, so that that which was purchased at great cost, goes finally for the smallest trifle.

If the Beau's life offers no positive lessons of instruction, it exhibits many important negative ones; indeed, it may be sometimes quite as useful and instructive to ascertain why one man failed, as to discover why another has succeeded; to be made early acquainted with that which ought to be scrupulously avoided, because it is injurious, is salutary knowledge; and as it is much more easy to avoid what is bad, than to pursue and imitate that which is good and praiseworthy, a negative lesson of this character is not without value; it is readily learned and adopted, because it requires no exertion, and is compatible with the greatest indolence; whereas, to emulate the great and noble deeds of the exemplary and distinguished, requires the exercise of considerable energy, determination, and virtue.

From the Beau's life, much instruction of this valuable description may be derived, for the guidance of those who are on the eve of entering upon the great stage of social life; and although I admit there is comparatively little which suggests itself as worthy of imitation—little of a positive character—there is much which may be received in the shape of warning. The Beau, however, possessed many good qualities, but those, unfortunately, proved his bane, and were the precursors of his downfall. He excelled to an eminent degree in the art of making himself agreeable to others, so that his society was considered an acquisition, and he was tempted to leave his own sphere, and to embark in one which eventually proved his ruin. At the commencement of his career at Eton, where he was educated, he soon became a great favourite amongst his school-fellows, and formed those connections which were subsequently of so much apparent service to him at the commencement of his social career.

The advantages of public-school education, in consideration of the valuable connections there formed, experience teaches us have been somewhat exaggerated, for boys do not meet so frequently in after-life as is generally supposed, neither do those, as a rule, who were very great friends at school, continue to be friends in after-life, if their social positions are different. But that considerable social advantages are derivable from public-school education, cannot be denied. In Brummel's case, the connections which he formed at Eton were

kept up and continued for several special reasons, chiefly of a personal character, and not on general grounds. In the first place, in consequence of having entered a fashionable cavalry regiment, and being quartered at Brighton, and having, by some fortuitous circumstance, become acquainted with the Regent, the opportunity of meeting several of his former school-fellows, some of whom were men of rank, readily occurred; and as he still possessed the 'magic art' to please, his society was sought, so that in his case, as far as advantages of that character can be appreciated, his having been educated at Eton proved of value to him; but *respice finem*; in consequence of this association with men of rank, and of expensive and dissipated habits, he became immersed in those habits of vice and extravagance which soon swallowed up his small means, and led to certain acts which compelled him to leave his country. He inherited from his father upwards of thirty thousand pounds, so that had he fortunately conformed to circumstances, and kept within that sphere in which his birth and fortune ought to have induced him to confine himself, he might have passed a very agreeable and happy life without the sacrifice of independence, and have escaped all the pain and humiliation which he subsequently underwent before the great anticlimax of his imprisonment and death at Caen.

He was confined in a common jail; herding in a small comfortless room with other debtors, whereby he was subjected to an ordeal of suffering and privation most trying to any man, but especially so to one who had enjoyed all the luxuries of life, and who was, if possible, over-scrupulous on all matters connected with comfort and cleanliness. He was incarcerated in the month of May 1835, at the suit of M. Leveux, a banker at Calais, to whom he was indebted to the amount of several thousand francs. M. Leveux had formerly been a personal friend of the Beau's, but at last becoming tired of his repeated unfulfilled promises to pay, carried out this extreme measure. The Beau was arrested with all those external ceremonies which usually attend an operation of this character in France, so that the fact of his misfortune was immediately promulgated amongst his friends and other residents at Caen; and although there was a disposition to relieve him from his embarrassing position, the sum required for this purpose was far too large to be obtained from the voluntary contributions of his comparatively new friends and acquaintances. The Captive was taken completely by surprise, and complained bitterly of M. Leveux having given him no intimation of his intentions.

As may be readily imagined, the Beau felt this humiliation severely, especially as felons as well as debtors were confined in this prison. The hardships which he at first underwent were, however, to a great extent modified by the kind interposition of his friends, and he experienced no lack of the necessities of life. After nearly three months' incarceration, he was liberated by the generous interposition of his former friends in England, who contributed sufficient to pay off Monsieur Leveux; and I believe also a further sum was subscribed to secure to him a small annuity, so as to rescue him from absolute want; he, however, only survived the great misfortune of imprisonment five years. Previous to his incarceration, he had experienced one or two severe attacks of illness, approaching to paralysis. On leaving prison,



he returned to his former quarters, and as he dined at a table-d'hôte most days, was still an object of curiosity to tourists and others who chanced to pass a few days at Caen. But it was evident to all who had previously known the poor Beau, that he was much altered; indeed, symptoms of his intellect being impaired had already become visible; finally, so much so, that it was arranged by his friends that he should be transferred to a hospital, called *Le Bon Sauveur*, superintended by nuns and Sisters of Charity, where every attention was shewn him during the last few months which preceded his decease; his mind was so far gone that he was incapable of appreciating the various acts of kindness which were extended to him, although it was admitted, at the same time, by the Sisters that he was very docile and easy of management; he entered the *Bon Sauveur* in the year 1838, and died in 1840. Agreeably to my own feelings, I cannot conclude this slight sketch of some portions of the old Beau's life, without doing justice to the many good qualities which I know he possessed; I passed many agreeable days with him, the recollection of which resuscitates all the friendly feelings which I formerly entertained for him. I always found him truthful, generous, and sincere. His courage was unquestionable, and his spirit of that decided and marked character which induced him instantly to resent the slightest indignity which was intentionally offered to him. As a companion, his qualities were of the highest order; he was always cheerful, amusing, and full of anecdote, and there was a natural exuberance of joyousness and fun about him, which made his society at all times agreeable.

In conclusion, I introduce to the notice of my readers a letter which I received from the Beau from Caen, dated February 19, 1832, inasmuch as it is written in his usual gay and animated style.

CAEN, February 19, 1832.

MY DEAR —, Your letter has been long staring me in the face like an injured ghost, but till the present instant I have not mustered up sufficient resolution to answer it, and even now I should perhaps have neglected its pale reproaching looks, had not I met with an accident (young devil that I am) in jumping out of a *citadine* last night, by the which juvenile freak I have severely sprained my right knee, and if it may be any retributive satisfaction to you, it is so much swelled that it will confine me *chez moi* two or three days. This annoys me, and puts me out of temper, for it is the very meridian of our gay season here, and so you must not expect to be amused by anything I may write to you. I wish to heaven F—, with her constitutional propriety and invariable indulgent kindness to me, was at my elbow to rub the afflicted part with the camphorated stuff my Sangrado has ordered. I would have written to you before the expiration of last summer, but somehow or other I was continually gadding about to different places in the environs, and from time to time I protracted all epistolary debts and duties. Since the short days of autumn and winter have regenerated society here, and the truffles and the whist, I do not know how it has been, but from my idleness and dissipation I have unconsciously limited my writing to passports and to bills of three months. What a perfect reverse of the tranquil innocent life I led during many years at Calais, is that by which I have been led away at this place!

Nothing but feasting, play, and dancing; to be sure I do not meddle but in a moderate way with the second amusement; and the 'dear creatures' most amiably dispense with my entering into the latter public attention. Two or three places to go to every evening, and all consisting of the very best society; it is indeed principally formed of the *ancienne Normande noblesse* resident here in their old staring hôtels, all Carlists or Henry V. to the backbone; but as I never interfere with political principles or absurdities, I manage to live on the same familiar terms of intimacy with the modern préfet and with the fallen peer.

I think L—n has done right in marrying Mademoiselle O—r; he could never expect anything better, and the quiet conjugal state may prolong his life a few years more, if she remains with him so long. I had a letter yesterday from B—e R—d, *remplis* with regrets and civil expressions at the altered condition of Calais—from which place he wrote—since my departure—nobody scarcely to speak to, nobody to *dine* with. He says, however, he stood godfather the day previous to a last-born of M—'s, eighteen at the subsequent repast—raw, sanguinary beef, and barbarous cabbage! He does not mention the *convives*, so I presume he is ashamed of them; he adds that E—y, the second female offspring from this veritable *garenne de lapins*, is about to be married to a Mr P—l (who the devil is he?), who is allowed only L.100 a year by his father, and that if he marries without his consent, he will forfeit that. Nothing like settling in matrimonial life.

I see by the papers that M—k has been bitten in endeavouring to bite a German baron; damages against the said M—k, whom the *journal* styles a Mr M—k, L.200—a picture-dealing transaction of the lowest description.

Remember me affectionately to F—y; and if you go on maiming the poor snipes, and, as usual, tuck yourself up after dinner for the rest of the evening in your arm-chair, to redeem by snoring those physical forces exhausted by the day's exercise, enjoin her to write to me diffusively and explicitly, and parole I will answer her.—Very truly yours, G. B.

Have you read the *Cocon*? Charming! And *Le Duc*, and *Le Page*, and *La Princesse*, and *Le Sous-officier*. Walter Scott's *Bob of Paris* is wretched—Cooper's *Bravo of Venice* worse.

## MIRK ABBEY.

### CHAPTER XXXII.—JACOB'S GUARD-SHIP.

'WHATEVER evils may happen unto me, may Heaven spare my reason,' was the heartfelt prayer of a wise and reverent man. He might have added—for he was one of those who thought it no harm to ask of Him who watches the sparrow's fall, for particular blessings—'And however I be racked with pain by day, by night may I still enjoy my sleep.' Next to madness, and like enough with some folks to end in that, is the want of rest during that period which should be the season of slumber, and which, if it be not so, is a dread and dreary time indeed. There is many an honest soul in the autumn of life who will protest in the morning, in the course of a very tolerable breakfast, that she has not had a wink of sleep all night,

because she has heard a few consecutive hours recorded by the church clock; but to lie awake indeed from eve to morn is not, thank God, a very common experience, and still less often are any of us compelled to endure it night after night for years. To live an existence the converse of the rest of their fellow-creatures is the lot of more than one trade—editors of daily newspapers, for instance, and burglars; but to *work* by night is a very different affair from the lying awake unemployed, but thinking, thinking, while nothing breaks the silence of the muffled world save the howl of the watch-dog and the weird monotony of the wind. Yet there are some of us doomed to this sad fate, who scarcely know what it is to spend an easeful night, and who snatch their scanty dole of sleep by day.

Poor Jacob Forest was one of these. A long life of reckless exposure to the elements, not, perhaps, unassisted by hard drinking, had brought him to this sad pass. Thanks to his daughter, he wanted for nothing that money could give him; but the once hale and venturesome mariner was now bedridden and racked at most times, but especially by night, with rheumatic twinges. Mary herself never failed to visit him every summer; and three days out of four some ancient comrade would painfully climb the hill that led to his cosy little house, and hob and nob with him by his bedside. But he was still sadly in want of company during the night-watches; true, a nurse was paid to minister to his comforts during that season, but she generally 'dropped off' into a doze, sooner or later; and even if she was awake, her gossip was of the tea-and-muffin sort, rather than that description of talk which goes best with hot grog, and was more suitable to a seasoned vessel, though laid up in extra-ordinary, like old Jacob. Therefore it was, as the waiter at the *Royal Marine* had observed, that visitors calling at ultra-fashionably late hours at the Guard-ship, as it was the proprietor's fancy to term his place of residence, were especially welcome.

The home of this old veteran had been built, at his own request, of wood, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his medical attendant, who ascribed part of his patient's ailments to the fact, that his cottage on the shore had been constructed of that material. But Mr Forest had insisted upon having his way: next to one's own boat, he had argued, there was nothing like a wooden house to make one feel at home in; nor could he be moved from that position by the caustic rejoinder, that in that case he might just as well get into his coffin at once. Nay, the Guard-ship had been made still less air-tight than it otherwise would have been by the ingenious introduction of a hinge running along one side of the old man's bedroom on the ground-floor, the very wall of which, in summer-time, could thereby be lowered flapwise, exposing the whole arrangement of his bower after the manner of the better class of dolls' houses. With the eccentricity of taste so often exhibited in the possessors of unexpected

wealth, Mr Forest had 'gone in,' as the phrase runs, in his prosperous old age, for curious poultry; and up this slanting shutter (exactly as horses are introduced into a railway train) used to be driven from the yard for his immediate inspection, as he lay in bed, every sort of feathered fowl after their kind, as into a poultry ark. The earliness of the season, combined with the lateness of the hour, denied this exhibition (afforded to all visitors whenever practicable) to Ralph Derrick, but the ancient mariner gave him the heartiest of welcomes, as had been predicted. He had heard of Mr Derrick more than once from Mary, and was exceedingly pleased to do him honour; at which hint the nurse at once set forth the 'materials' for a drinking-bout on a little table which stood at the invalid's elbow, and betook herself to an adjoining cabin, where she instantly went to bed with her clothes on. Next to the danger from draughts, to which the captain of the Guard-ship had already succumbed, he lay in nightly peril of perishing by fire, since he smoked in bed almost unceasingly; and in case of a spark igniting where it should not, the whole two-decker would not have taken a quarter of an hour to become a heap of ashes; but this apprehension, as the old woman was glad to think, was groundless upon this occasion, when her master had a gentleman to keep him company, and she left them with an easy conscience to their pipes and grog.

'So I hear you are rather sweet upon my good Mary,' observed the old sailor slyly, as soon as they were left alone. 'She writes to me more than most girls do to their fathers, you see, Mr Derrick, knowing I'm all alone here, and so pleased to hear any news.'

'Very right and very proper,' returned Ralph quietly, 'and a very good girl, as you say, she is—although she is not a very young one.'

'Young enough for some folks, at all events—eh, eh, sir?' chuckled the old man. 'Come, come—I know all about you, and what you're come here about; I'm wide awake enough, I can tell you, although I'm abed. You've run down to Cove-ton, sir, to "ask papa." There, haven't I hit it?'

'Well, the fact is, Mr Forest, the love seems rather more on my side than hers. I don't deny that I had a great liking for your daughter, but when a man knows that his love is not returned'—

'Eh, eh,' interrupted the old Salt, pursing his lips and giving his tasselled night-cap a pull upon one side, which gave him an expression of much aimless intelligence; 'but I don't understand this. You must have done something, sir, to forfeit the good opinion of my Mary; for certainly, at one time— But there, perhaps I'm saying too much. If it ain't agreed between you and my Mary, then, may I ask, sir—not but that I'm uncommon glad to see you, or any other gentleman, from nightfall to any one of the small-hours, I'm sure—but may I ask what the dickens brings you here?'

'Well, sir,' replied Ralph, with a smile, 'I happened to find myself in these parts, and did not

like to pass by without looking in upon the father of Mary Forest, even though all should be off between us; and, besides, I was told you are the likeliest man to be able to give me some information about the wreck of the *North Star*, which happened about thirty years ago, and the particulars of which, for a reason, I want to know.'

'Fill your pipe, then, and mix yourself another glass,' cried the old man, delighted to be called upon for his favourite yarn, 'for it's a story as you can't tell in a five minutes, nor in ten neither. The ship you speak of, sir, was an emigrant vessel of more than a thousand tons, as sailed on September 10, 1832'—

'I know all about the ship,' interrupted Derrick impatiently, 'for I had a passage in her myself. I want to hear about the bodies that came on shore.'

'You were a passenger by the *North Star*?' ejaculated the old man with amazement. 'Why, it was said that every soul on board her perished in the storm in which she went to pieces. *Derrick, Derrick!* Well, now you mention it, I do remember the name, for I used to have that passenger-list by heart. I cut it out of one of the papers at the time, and having been so much concerned in the matter myself, though little knowing that I should owe this house to that same wreck—built out of its very timbers, as I might say—and almost all I have in this world. But you know how all that came about, and what Sir Robert did for me and mine, I dare say, mate?'

'Yes, yes—I have heard something of that. But can you tell me nothing of what came ashore? You have said not a soul was saved; I suppose, then, it was the surviving relatives who put up the grave-stones to the memory of the drowned, which I saw as I came through the churchyard?'

'That was just it. There were five men and three women—poor souls—laid under the big stone next the yew-tree; nobody knew who they were. Sir Robert paid for that too, if I remember right—let's see'—

'I hear of nothing but "Sir Robert" and "Sir Robert" in this village of yours,' interrupted Ralph impatiently. 'Nobody has a story to tell in Cove-ton but manages to bring that man's name in by head and shoulders. Why the deuce do they do it?'

'Because he's been the making of the place—that's why, and because there's a little gratitude left in our village still, I am glad to say, sir, although it may have died out in the world,' replied the old sailor firmly. 'Why, he not only built the roof that is now sheltering us, but the village school, and the little pier at the Cove foot that has sheltered many a fishing-smack since the time when my Lady'—

'Well, he didn't put up that great bit of painted glass in the church, I suppose,' broke in Derrick testily, 'to the memory of Frank Meade and others, did he? for that's what I want to get at, and nothing else.'

'Did he not? Then who did it, I should like to know?' answered Mr Forest sarcastically. 'Who but himself and my Lady; and if it had been the old times as I've heard tell of instead of now, there would have been priests paid to pray for their poor souls until this day; ay, that there would. He was ever tired of shewing his thankfulness for the joy that came to himself, and his

pity for the woe that befell others upon that awful night. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, they say, and the storm that carried the *North Star* to the bottom with all on board save one—or two, I should now say, since I have no reason to doubt your word, Mr Derrick!'

'Ay, tell me about the storm,' said Ralph in an altered voice, and with a face grown very white and still. 'I will not interrupt you again, I will not indeed. One poor creature came ashore alive, you said?'

'What! do you mean to say my Mary never told you? She must be a good un to keep a secret even from her sweetheart; not that it's any secret here, however they may treat it at Mirk; and if I didn't tell you myself, you would hear it from the first man you met in Cove-ton, and asked how Sir Robert Lisgard got his bride.'

'Just so,' said Derrick in a hoarse whisper; 'therefore please to tell me.'

'Then help yourself to grog, mate, for you look cold. Some landlubbers will have it that this room is cold, because of the hinge yonder; but a seafaring chap like you— There, that should warm you. Well, on the 10th of September 1832, an emigrant ship of more than a thousand tons'—

'A thousand devils!' cried Derrick, starting to his feet; 'do you wish to drive me mad? I tell you I was on board of her myself. Tell me about the woman that came ashore lashed to the spar.'

'What! then, you do know about it after all?' grumbled the old man, removing his pipe from the corner of his mouth, an action which represented the greatest amount of astonishment of which he was capable. 'Why the deuce did you bother me to spin you the yarn, then? A man at my time of life ain't got much breath to throw away, I can tell you.'

'How was she dressed? What had she on?' inquired Derrick, upon whose ears his short-winded host's remonstrance had fallen unheeded.

'Devilish little,' returned the old fellow gruffly: 'nothing but a petticoat, and what my Mary calls a body—but which I should call a bust—and a sailor's pea-jacket, and that was not rightly upon her, but tied between her and the spar, to save her dainty limbs, poor girl; and it is my opinion that he was an honest-hearted chap as put it there, and almost deserved to have her for himself. But there they were, brother and sister, so that couldn't be. Moreover, she couldn't have got better off than she did, that's certain. Lord, to think that there poor, friendless, penniless, clotheless creature—as I had thought to be almost lifeless too, when me and Sir Robert dragged her in from the hungry waves—should come to be Lady Lisgard of Mirk Abbey— What's the matter with the man? Hi, nurse, hi! Confound the woman, how she sleeps! Where the devil's my stick?'

Mr Jacob Forest's temper was hasty, but he had no intention of inflicting corporal punishment on the respectable female who was too deeply plunged in slumber to attend to his cries. He desired his stick in order that he might smite the battered gong that hung at his bedside, and upon which (besides using it as a gentle indication of her presence being required) he was accustomed to execute an imitation of ship's 'bells' throughout the watchful night. Before, however, he could lay his crippled fingers upon the instrument required, Ralph Derrick, who had fallen from his chair upon

the carpetless floor, began to recover his senses, and with them his speech.

'Don't be alarmed, sir—don't call your nurse,' said he, gathering himself up; 'it is only a sort of fainting-fit to which I am subject—indeed I was born with them.'

'And you'll die with them too, some day,' thought old Jacob to himself, as he stared with undisguised apprehension at his visitor's white face and shaking limbs. 'Don't you think you had better take a little more rum—or stay, perhaps it's that that's done the mischief?'

'No, it's not that,' answered Derrick bitterly, as he filled himself a wine-glass of the liquor neat. 'I'm better now, and I shan't give way again. But I remember the man that took such care of the woman you speak of, just before the vessel parted; and your mention of it gave me quite a turn. I didn't know he was her brother; but he was much more careful about her safety than his own—God knows.'

'Very like,' rejoined the old fellow, 'and what I should have expected, even if they had not been so near related. She was just the sort of woman that any man worth his salt would be willing to lay down his life for. His Christian name was Ralph, was it not, the same as yours?'

'Yes, it was,' answered the other gravely. 'Who was it that told you that? I forgot, though; it is painted in the church-window.'

'I found it out for myself,' continued the old fellow cunningly, 'long before that there memorial window was put up; for my Lady never talked about it even to Mary. But there was *Ralph Gavestone* written inside the collar of the pea-coat, and I kept it for many a year myself until the moth got in it, because I thought the sight of it might distress the poor lady.'

'Women soon get over that sort of thing,' said Ralph in a grating voice.

'Well, yes; sooner or later, I daresay they do. And a very fortunate thing it is, in my opinion, that such is the case. It would be very bad for us all, and particularly for seafaring folk, if we never smiled again because a party as we liked happened to be drowned, like some king of England as my Mary once read about to me when I was down with my first fit of the rheumatiz. Why, I've lost a couple of brothers myself in that same way, and very good chaps they were; but why should I make myself wretched because they're gone to Heaven? Take another pipe, man. Why, you're not going to leave me surely?'

'Yes, I am, Jacob Forest,' answered Derrick gloomily. 'I have heard all that I want to know, and more—much more! If you have any message for your daughter, I'll take it to her. I am going off to Mirk at once.'

'You may tell her—but no; I'll tell her myself, and not trouble you,' answered the old fellow hastily, purple at least as much with rage as rum. 'I don't wish to be under the slightest obligation to a fellow as looks in upon a poor cripple under pretence of friendship, and then directly he's heard all he wants, and drank all he can, and had one of his fits as he was born with, all as snug as can be—Hi, nurse, hi! Damme, if the fellow hasn't actually left the front-door open!' And the invalid applied himself to his gong with a fury that would have roused the Seven Sleepers, had they chanced to have been slumbering (let alone taking a nap with their clothes on) in the adjacent room.

'Push my table nearer,' cried he to his terrified attendant, 'and give me paper and pens. Yes, my Mary particularly begged of me to let her know at once in case he called, and I will do so; but I will also take leave to tell her what a selfish scoundrel, in my opinion, he is; and I'll mention his alarming fits. If she has found any reason to be dissatisfied with the beggar, I'll give her some more; and mind, Nurse, this is posted before seven o'clock. He shall find a cool reception at Mirk Abbey, or my name is not Jacob Forest!'

Epistolary composition was not an accomplishment in which the old sailor was an adept, and the mechanical part of the operation was a very slow one with him, by reason of his infirmities; but nevertheless he managed to indite a missive more or less to his mind, long before the early mail went out from Cove-ton, and his faithful attendant did his bidding by posting the same.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

It is the morning that immediately precedes Sir Richard's fête-day, and all at the Abbey are as busy as a hive of bees. Mrs Welsh is engaged in incessant warfare with a 'professed cook' of the male sex, who has been imported from town with an army of myrmidons clad in white aprons and head-pieces; and Mr Roberts carries the key of the cellar about his person as religiously as though it were an amulet, exceedingly regretting that the person who has undertaken to purvey the cold collation to the tenantry does not also furnish the wine. For three shillings or three shillings and sixpence the bottle, he argues, as good a sherry as they have any right to taste might be set before Farmer Beeves and 'that sort'; and yet we are about to give them the old 'West India,' as stood old Sir Robert sixty shillings a dozen a quarter of a century ago; nay, even four dozen of cobweb-bed port, the age of which is absolutely unknown, have been set aside for the after-dinner tickling of those rough palates, which would as lief or liever (thinks Mr Roberts) have gin and whisky-punch. The gentle folks, to be sure, dine with them, but you never catch *them* (Mr R. has observed) doing much in the way of drink at a three o'clock dinner in a marquée. There is to be dancing in the said tent, which has been boarded for that purpose, later in the evening; and a ball will take place at the Abbey likewise, to which all the 'county' has been invited, and perhaps a little more.

It was a difficult matter even for Sir Richard, who had a specialty for such solemn follies, to decide exactly what were 'county families' and what were not, and where the imaginary line that divided the ball-room from the marquée was to be laid down. The social difference between the person of the least importance that had the *entrée* of the former, and the person of the greatest importance who was consigned to the latter was, of course, infinitesimally small, and the decision involved all the difficulties with which the theologians afflict themselves concerning the future position of the indifferently Good and the tolerably Bad. What had Mr Jones, M.R.C.S. of Dalwynch, done that he should be admitted into Paradise, while the crystal bar was obstinately interposed against the entrance of Mr Jones, M.R.C.S., from the capital of Wheatshire? Nothing of himself, was the baronet's stern decree; but it could be



proved beyond cavil that the former was remotely related to the Davey Joneses of Locker Hall, a family of immense antiquity, and distinguished in our naval annals; whereas the latter had no higher connection to boast of than Thomas Jones, J.P. of Allworthy Court (himself only admitted to the higher sphere by reason of a fortunate marriage), and was therefore, as it were, predestined to sit below the salt.

There were, however, some exceptions even to this Draconian system. Dr Haldane, for instance, was importuned with an earnestness that Sir Richard would never have used to any peer of the realm, to honour this occasion with his presence, and break through his stubborn resolve not to set foot within Mirk Abbey; but the old man, although greatly moved, declined the invitation. Madame de Castellán, too, notwithstanding she was such a new-comer to the county, was called upon at Belcomb by Sir Richard in person, and though she was not well enough to see him, expressed herself by letter as hugely gratified by the object of his visit; albeit at the same time she gave him to understand that all festivities were just now distasteful to her, and indeed that she had not the strength for them. 'As for his coming of Age,' added the old Frenchwoman, 'she was not at all sure that such an event was a subject of congratulation, though, if it had been his marriage-day, then indeed she might have come, if it were only to make his young bride jealous.' Besides these two refusals, there were scarcely any. The popularity of the Lisgard family, and the gorgeous scale of the promised entertainment—the engagement of the Coldstream band was ascertained beyond a doubt, and there was a whisper afloat concerning fireworks, and even that the ornamental water was to be illuminated—combined to attract not only everybody who was anybody, but a still vaster throng of nobodies at all. Every inhabitant of Mirk, from the grand-parents to the babes in arms, for instance, were invited to take their fill of beef and beer, if their digestion permitted of it, and if not, there was plenty of rich plum-pudding; for besides the marquée, half the Park had been put under canvas, in order to make the festivities as much as possible independent of the weather, and presented the appearance of a miniature camp, which would be still more the case upon the morrow, when the scene was enlivened by the uniforms of the 'Lisgard's Own,' as some of the 'yellows' had wickedly christened the Mirk Volunteer Corps.

Altogether, there was every reason for Sir Richard's being in the best of spirits. Master Walter, too, secretly conscious of having been a much worse boy than he was known to be, and feeling that he had met better luck, if not than he deserved, certainly than he could reasonably have expected, was in high feather; he was deeply grateful to his mother that she had abstained from reproaching him with the contents of the letter written by Mr Abrahams, the settlement of whose claim she had taken upon herself; and he well knew that the most welcome way in which he could shew his gratitude would be taking part with a good grace in his brother's triumphal entrance upon his twenty-first birthday. Rose, who had obtained her ends, as well as full substantial forgiveness (which was all she cared for) of the means employed, and foresaw the prostration of half the young men of the county at her pretty

feet upon the morrow, was in excellent humour with herself, and therefore with the world. As for Letty, it is unnecessary to say more than that she felt a measureless content in the society of Mr Arthur Haldane, who passed all his days just now up at the Abbey, having placed his valuable services entirely at the disposal of Lady Lisgard, and generally found his duties led him into the vicinity of her Ladyship's daughter. His taste for table decoration and floral devices, though newly developed, was really, Letty affirmed, of a very high order, and as she was perpetually appealing to it, there can be no doubt that she believed what she said. All at Mirk Abbey, in short, were, or seemed to be, in a state of pleasurable excitement and joyous expectation, save its unhappy mistress. In vain, Sir Richard tried to persuade himself that she was only suffering from a feeling of responsibility—apprehensive lest anything should go wrong in the arrangements of the all-important morrow; in vain, Master Walter endeavoured to pacify his own mind with the thought, that although a part of his mother's anxieties might have been caused by his own misdoings, all trace of them would disappear so soon as she should discover that his intention of divorcing himself from the turf, as well as all other kinds of gambling, was as sincere as it really was. Letty did not attempt to gloss over the fact, that her mother looked both ill and wretched, but rather reproached herself that though this was the case she could not help feeling happy in the company of her lover. Perhaps it was the contrast to the festive air worn by all around her that made my Lady's face look so pinched and woeful; but certainly, as the fête-day approached, her cheeks grew more and more pallid, and her eyes sank in deepening hollows.

On the morning in question, the post-bag, through some delay on the railway, did not arrive until the family were at breakfast; my Lady, with her scarcely touched dry-toast before her, watched Sir Richard open it, and distribute the contents with an anxiety she could not conceal.

'There is nothing for you, dearest mother,' said he, in answer to her inquiring looks.

'Who, then, is that for?' returned she, pointing to an unappropriated letter he had placed at his left hand.

'Only a note for Forest, which I daresay will keep till we have left the table,' said he smiling; 'although, if you had your way, I know she would be attended to before everybody. It has the Coveton post-mark, and doubtless comes from old Jacob.'

'Who is ill,' said my Lady rising. 'I do not see why Mary's correspondence should be delayed more than that of any one else. I have finished my breakfast, and will take it to her at once.'

When she had left the room, Sir Richard remarked with asperity, that his mother's kindness really rendered her a slave to 'that woman Forest.'

'That is so,' assented Master Walter; 'and I have of late observed that her spirits are always at the lowest when she has been having a confab with Mary. Is it possible, I wonder, that being balked of that fellow Derrick, Mistress Forest can have taken up with any new-fangled religious notions—I have heard of old maids doing such things—which are making her miserable, and my mother too?'

'For shame, Walter!' cried Letty. 'Do you suppose mamma is capable of any such folly?'

'I don't believe for a moment that she is a

victim to any delusion herself,' explained Walter; 'but she sympathises with everybody she has a liking for, and the society of any such morbid person would be very bad for her. Between ourselves, I don't think that Madame de Castellane coming here has done her any good. That's a precious queer old woman, you may depend upon it. Not only did she decline to permit old Rachel and her husband to continue to sleep at Belcomb, which, considering its loneliness, one would have thought she would have been glad to do, instead of their occupying the lodge a quarter of a mile away; but it is said that she absolutely dismissed her French maid the day after her arrival, and therefore lives entirely alone!'

'No wonder, then, she was so uncommonly anxious to get Mary,' observed the baronet; 'and I am sure I wish she may, for my mother's sake. I have no doubt they are now both closeted together over that old dotard's letter from Coveton. As if there was not enough for my poor dear mother to do and think of just now, without bothering herself with her waiting-maid's father's rheumatism.'

Sir Richard was right: my Lady and her confidential servant were at that very moment in the boudoir perusing with locked doors old Jacob's letter. From it Lady Lisgard gathered what had happened at Coveton as certainly as though the writer had been aware of it all, and written expressly to inform his daughter.

'He has found it out,' said she with a ghastly look. 'He had that fit, as your father calls it, at the moment when he learned for the first time that the girl who came ashore alive and myself are one and the same. Poor Ralph, poor Ralph!'

'Dearest mistress, I think it is Poor You who are most to be pitied. Great Heaven, he will be here to-night, or to-morrow at latest! To-morrow—in the midst of all the merry-making about Sir Richard.'

'Yes, Sir Richard!' exclaimed my Lady bitterly. 'The poor bastard that thinks he is a baronet! But let him come, let him come, I say.' My Lady rose from her seat with clenched fingers and flashing eyes. 'I will defend my children with my life—nay, more, with my honour. If I perjure myself to save them from shame and ruin, will not God pardon me? Who is there to witness against them save this man alone? And is not my word—my oath—as good as his?' She stepped to the little bookcase that ran round the room; and from the corner of it, half-hidden by the framework, took down a dusty volume—one of a long series, but the remainder of which were in the library. It was the annual register for the year 1832. Under the head of 'Shipping Intelligence,' where the tersest but most pregnant of all summaries is always to be found—the deaths of hundreds of poor souls, the misery of thousands of survivors, and the sudden extinction of a myriad human hopes, all recorded in a single sentence—was written: 'In the storm of the 14th September, the emigrant vessel, *North Star*, foundered off the South Headland with all hands on board—supposed to have sprung a leak.' Then a few weeks later, the following paragraph: 'From the *North Star*, emigrant ship, supposed to have been lost on the night of the 14th of last month, with all hands on board, there came on shore at Coveton, lashed to a spar, a solitary survivor, a young woman. Although much exhausted and bruised, she had received no vital injury, and her recovery is said

to be assured. Her case excites much interest in the locality in question.'

The 'solitary survivor!' continued my Lady thoughtfully. 'Who is there to gainsay it, save this man?'

'Your own heart, dearest mistress,' answered the waiting-maid solemnly. 'That would not permit you to deny him, even if your conscience would. Could you meet him to-morrow face to face?'

'No, no,' exclaimed my Lady shuddering; 'I never could. I was mad to think of such a thing—so mad, that I trust the wickedness of the thought may be forgiven.—I am to drive into Dalwynch this afternoon about—what was it, Mary?'

'About your watch, which ought to have come home last evening, my Lady.'

'Yes, my watch. There is not any time to lose.'

'Indeed not, dear mistress: not an hour, I should say, if I were in your place. I tremble to look out of window, lest I should see him coming yonder over the Windmill Hill.'

'Yes, fixed as fate, and furious with her who has deceived him. Poor fellow, who can blame him? I can see him now.'

'Heaven forbid!' exclaimed the waiting-maid, fleeing to the window. 'Haste, haste away, or there will be murder done!'

'He is not there,' returned my Lady in a low, calm voice, 'but I see him all the same. Pallid with scorn, yet bent on avenging himself. Resolved to claim his wife at any hazard, even in spite of herself. It will be terrible that he should be here in any case; but if he found me here, as you say, there might be murder done. Not that I fear for myself, God knows: I am too wretched for that.'

'Oh, my Lady, had you not better start at once?'

'No, Mary; I must go first to Dr Haldane's, since the time has come. But if, in the meantime, this—this unhappy man should arrive, be sure you send the carriage for me at once to the doctor's house. I can escape him that way for certain. Perhaps, then, I may never cross this threshold any more—never clasp my dear ones in my arms and call them mine again—never say: "My own Walter—Richard—Letty." How can I bear to think upon it! Don't cry, Mary, for you see I do not. You know what to do in case he comes; the carriage to Dr Haldane's instantly: and afterwards—we have settled that long ago.'

'I shall forget nothing, dearest mistress. If I live, all will be done that you have resolved upon.'

'Dear Mary, trusty friend, may Heaven reward you.'

My Lady had her bonnet on by this time, but lifted up her veil to kiss her faithful servant. 'If by God's gracious will, somehow or other this misery should after all have no evil end, Mary, how happy we shall be! How we shall talk of this with our arms round one another's necks! There is a friend, says the Scripture, which sticketh closer than a brother; but I have found a servant better even than such a friend. Good-bye, dear; if it should chance to be "Good-bye." Don't weep, don't speak. See that my path is clear, that I meet no one—Great Heaven, what is that knocking? Can he be come already?'

'No, dearest, no,' sobbed the poor waiting-maid. 'They are putting up the triumphal archway, that is all.'

She left the room to see that there was nobody

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in the passage, or on the back-stairs, by which her mistress was about to leave the house.

'The triumphal archway,' muttered my Lady with tearless aching eyes. 'I would to Heaven they were putting the nails into my coffin instead.'

# THE MONTH:

## SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SUNDRY mechanical contrivances and improvements in philosophical apparatus have been exhibited at the scientific gatherings of the present season in London, attracting more or less of attention, according to their merits and utility. Mr Preece's train-signalling apparatus for promoting the safety of railway-travelling, can hardly fail of being interesting to everybody. It is in use on the South-western Railway, and if properly used, accidents from collision ought never to happen; it has the advantage of being applicable to any number of stations, which is of importance, considering how stations are multiplying in and around the metropolis. Mr Preece has a very simple and complete method of communication between the signalman and switchman. The latter, on being informed that trains are waiting to come in, operates on the lever handles before him, there being as many handles as lines of converging railway; and these handles are so contrived, that on moving any one to admit a train, it locks the others; so that if the switchman should pull at any one of them by mistake, he cannot move it. He is thus prevented from admitting two trains at the same time upon one line of rails, and thus one of the most frequent occasions of railway accident is avoided. And besides this, safety is further promoted by a series of small signal discs, which start up before the switchman's eyes at the right moment, and give him demonstration that he has given the right pull at the right handle.

Mr John Browning has produced an aneroid barometer of extraordinary dimensions, as may be judged of from the fact, that the face or dial-plate is two feet in diameter. The hand, for the sake of lightness, is made of aluminium, and it ranges over eighteen inches of the dial for every inch that the mercury in an ordinary barometer rises or falls. This giant aneroid is, moreover, so highly sensitive, that in windy weather the hand is always oscillating in accordance with variations of the atmospheric pressure, and it will indicate differences of height of a few feet only. This instrument would be valuable in an observatory where a complete series of meteorological observations was in progress.

A Fire-damp Indicator, contrived by Mr Ansell, combines a novel application of the small aneroid, for one of these instruments is comprised in the apparatus, and is so arranged, that as soon as the fatal gas presses on the vacuum-box, the hand points out the presence of fire-damp. At the same time, a galvanic battery is set in action, and rings a bell, which gives warning to all within hearing. In some situations, this instrument may be of service, but in others there might be risk that its adoption would lead to carelessness; for, after all, the best security for a mine is an efficient and constantly-watched system of ventilation, combined with thorough inspection of every part of the workings.

Mr Hitchcock, an American, has invented a process for preparing wood-blocks for the printing of pictures, diagrams, and so forth, to which he gives the name of *graphotype*. With this he produces the effects hitherto produced by wood-engraving. The process briefly described is as follows: The block is prepared with a surface of compressed chalk; on this the artist draws his design, landscape, animal figure, or whatever else, with a viscous kind of ink; a soft brush is then passed over it, and removes all the untouched chalk, leaving the drawing in slight relief on the block. A stereotype is then taken from this, and is printed from in the usual way. One advantage, and an important one, of this graphotype is, that all the effects which the artist puts into his work are preserved in their integrity, as no tool or graver touches them after they are once drawn. With this new resource for typographical art, illustrated books should become more numerous and better finished than ever.

Mechanical ingenuity, already so largely fostered by railways, still goes on with its developments as new wants arise, and among these is a method for the stopping of trains in the shortest possible time: a matter of vital importance on lines where stations are numerous. The method referred to has been for some time in use on the North London Railway. It comprises a strong chain stretching underneath all the carriages, which, when tightened, puts a brake on all the wheels. The tightening is done by the guard with a pair of wheels and a lever; but unless the whole apparatus be carefully adjusted, it fails to act in the way required. In favourable circumstances, however, it is very effectual, and will stop a long train almost instantaneously, as if it were but a single carriage. It is a question whether some still better method cannot be devised. As we mentioned some time ago, Mr P. W. Barlow, C.E., is of opinion that, on lines where stoppages are frequent, the most economical system would be to throw out the locomotives, and pull the trains by an endless chain, as was formerly the case on the Blackwall Railway.

To obviate the danger where lines run one into another, or in technical phrase, at the switches, a new switch-box has been invented simpler and stronger than any yet constructed. If this were adopted at all the intersections, we should hear of fewer accidents from trains running off the lines.—Another improvement has been effected in fitting the axle-boxes of locomotives whereby the irregularity of their motion when passing round sharp curves is overcome. By making the axle-boxes radial, and leaving them free to move in circular grooves, the axles of the locomotive are directed towards the centre of curvature of the railway, and lateral friction is avoided.—In America, another improvement has been tried, which increases the bite or pulling power of locomotive engines: a thick coil of insulated copper-wire fitted in a frame, is made to enclose the lower part of the driving-wheel. Through this coil a stream of galvanic electricity can be passed at pleasure, and the wheel being thereby converted into an electro-magnet, takes a hold upon the rail, and with manifest advantage on first starting, or when the rails are slippery.

It has often been said that an important source of prosperity for Ireland could be found in the large bogs and peat-beds which form so considerable a part of the surface of that country. One of

the most successful attempts to turn this source to profit is now in progress at Derrylea (Portarlinton), where machinery has been erected for compressing the peat, and ovens for drying it. The peat is sold in Dublin at ten shillings a ton; and Mr C. Hodgson, who has read a paper on the subject at the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, Birmingham, states that the Derrylea peat, being properly prepared, will perform nearly double the work of ordinary peat, and from 60 to 66 per cent. of the duty of good coal: that it is well adapted for the boilers of stationary engines and brewers' work, and has a ready sale for household purposes, in consequence of its cleanliness and freedom from smoke: that it requires the same stowage-room (weight for weight) as coal, and with one-third of cannel-coal yields a good gas: and, most important of all, that, as the peat possesses many of the qualities of good charcoal, it is eminently suitable for metallurgical processes. Iron-smelters who care to manufacture good iron will perhaps take a note of this.

Iron has been found so useful for building purposes, that a sanguine class of constructors have advocated the entire use of iron in all buildings, and they attempt to shew that it is suitable for all requirements of architecture, whether plain or ornamental. In a paper read before the Institute of British Architects, this opinion has been challenged, and shewn to be one-sided, inasmuch as iron, from its very nature, and its liability to oxidise, can neither be made to assume the proper architectural effect, nor to last a sufficient length of time. To quote the author's words: 'It has been admitted, that at present, iron is useless as compared with brick and mortar for walls of warehouses for the stowage of combustible material; and in regard to durability, it has got to stand the test of even a century. Moreover, it does not promise well for the prospects of iron that no effectual protection has been found for it of a permanent description, whether for its external surface, or for those portions of inner surface which are subject to the friction and wear of bolts and bands.' Then, as regards real artistic ornament, cast iron is not to be thought of: in that particular, wrought iron only can be depended on; iron fashioned with the hammer and untouched by the file. That great works can be produced under these conditions, was demonstrated by the smiths of the middle ages. How tame our modern iron-work appears in comparison. As wood-carving ought to shew the marks of the tool, so forged work ought, says the author, 'to shew the hammer-marks; and wherefore should the roughness of the fire-marks be filed, when by cold hammering the surface can be greatly hardened and its tone deepened, its play of light increased, and a polish of a totally different but far superior sort imparted—a polish not of mechanical labour, but of handiwork!'

To this we may add that, in looking at the question from the acoustic point of view, the best material for roofs where hearing has to be exercised, is wood. Neither iron nor any other substance has the resonance of wood. This is one of the questions which have been decided by the Institute above mentioned. Another subject to which we wish to call attention is Mr J. K. Colling's paper on *Art Foliage*: it should be read and studied by every one desirous of learning how to adapt the beautiful forms of Nature to the ornamental purposes of art. The paper being illustrated by

engravings, conveys the author's idea with clearness to the student.

Dr J. E. Morgan of Manchester has published a small book on a great subject, the deterioration of the English race by the ever-increasing populousness of great cities. Even inexperienced observers cannot fail to be struck with the fact, that the majority of the inhabitants of London, and of our large towns, are undersized, lacking manly appearance as well as manly strength. Dr Morgan says, speaking of the poor of the town in which he resides, there is a singular want of stamina about them, characterising them as a class, and shewn in their gait, bearing, voice, or frame. A well-developed muscular person among them is exceedingly rare, while distortion and deformity are but too common. There is no vigour of circulation, and but little ability for continuous exertion. No wonder, therefore, that in the manufacturing districts four out of every five of the recruits sent up by the sergeants for medical inspection are rejected on the ground of physical disqualification.

This is not the first time that this question has been mooted; it is, however, one that will bear repeating again and again, for though the evils be great, they may admit of alleviation. Dr Morgan's little book (a reprint of his paper read before the Social Science Congress) should be read by all who take an interest in the subject.

#### UNFORGOTTEN.

SWEET Lady mine, the faded rose  
Is often dearer than the flower  
Fresh gathered; so each memory grows  
More precious since the parting hour:  
And all Love's artist-hand can give  
Of glowing tint and tender shade,  
Is with me, that your face may live  
In colours that can never fade.

And still my fancy paints you near,  
Though all the room is lone and bare;  
And oft at eventide I hear  
Your phantom footstep on the stair;  
A presence in the gathering gloom  
Thrills all my pulses with delight,  
And seems to glorify the room  
With loveliness denied my sight.

And little reck I that long miles  
Of smiling lands and foamy sea  
Divide us; love at distance smiles,  
And holds the willing winds in fee;  
And every wind that racks the clouds,  
Or gently moulds them in the blue,  
Bears love-thoughts in tumultuous crowds,  
Or softly wafts a prayer for you.

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